

SEPTEMBER

1955

**BELGIAN CHILD
AND HER PAL**

MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY
for the
PREVENTION of CRUELTY
to ANIMALS
and the
AMERICAN HUMANE
EDUCATION SOCIETY





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SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Per year — \$1.50. Postage free to any part of the world. In clubs of five or more subscriptions, \$1.00 each, plus \$.25 postage for Canadian, and \$.50 postage for all other foreign subscriptions. Single copies, \$.15. Make checks payable to Our Dumb Animals.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of from 300-400 words are solicited. Articles of more than 600 words cannot be accepted. Such articles may include any subject, except cruel sports or captivity, dealing with animals, especially those with humane import. Human interest and current event items are particularly needed. Also acceptable are manuscripts dealing with oddities of animal life and natural history. All items should be accompanied by good illustrations whenever possible. Fiction is seldom used.

PHOTOGRAPHS should be sharp, depicting either domestic or wild animals in their natural surroundings. Pictures that tell a story are most desirable.

VERSE about animals should be short. We suggest from four to twelve lines.

IMPORTANT

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No manuscript will be acknowledged or returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope.

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Published monthly by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals at 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Massachusetts. Re-entered as second class matter, July 3, 1950, at the Post Office at Boston, Massachusetts, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized July 13, 1919.

Animals

VOLUME 88 — NO. 9

SEPTEMBER, 1955

Founded by Geo. T. Angell, President, 1868-1909

Dr. Francis H. Rowley, President, 1910-1945

PUBLISHED BY THE

MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS
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The Task of Blood--

THE above is not a pleasant title to use, but neither is there anything pleasant about the task of slaughtering millions of animals each year in this country. The old fashioned methods of slaughter *must go*.

Nothing can meet the need, nothing can ultimately be called humane but some mechanical device which instantly and effectively renders the creature wholly unconscious. This means, perhaps, electric tongs, carbon dioxide, or one of the two new "Macfarlane" guns now being developed by Remington Arms Company.

Please read Mr. Macfarlane's splendid condensed report and suggestions for resolving "The Great Cruelty," appearing on pages 14, 15 and 18 of this issue. We believe we are on the threshold of great happenings in the field of slaughterhouse improvement, and we are proud of Mr. Macfarlane's leadership and professional skill during the many years he has fought courageously to insure a humane end to millions of creatures.

Should we now succeed, as we hope and believe we shall, then every humane person in the United States will owe a great debt of gratitude to John C. Macfarlane, to the scientific engineering skill of the great minds at the Remington Arms Company, to all the others who maintained faith in the project, and to this Society. But, in the meantime, let us all remember the words cut in stone over the entrance to the slaughterhouse in Dresden, Germany:

*Thine is a task of blood; discharge that task
With mercy; let thy victim know
No pain, but let the sudden blow
Bring death, such death as thou would'st ask.*

E. H. H.

Kind-Hearted Skipper

By William M. Hall

THANKS to the kindness of a navy captain, a starving, helpless dog was rescued at sea and given a home aboard Uncle Sam's ammunition ship, the U. S. S. Wrangell.

While on maneuvers in the Mediterranean Sea, a lookout on the Wrangell spotted a fishing vessel tossing helplessly in the heavy sea. Atop the mast of the floundering boat a distress signal waved. The captain of the Wrangell ordered his ship to stop. Five men were dispatched to investigate the fishing vessel.

A gruesome sight awaited the five men as they examined the unfortunate boat. In one of the cabins was a man who had been dead about ten days. Standing loyally beside the victim was a scared and half-starved dog. No one knows how the dog managed to remain alive during the long days while the master's body lay lifeless. Perhaps scraps of food found about the ship, and water lapped up from occasional rains, were sufficient to sustain life. But life there remained for the faithful dog.

The captain ordered the fishing vessel towed to the nearest port, where cause of death might be determined by medical authorities. Quarantine regulations prevented removing either the body or the dog from the fishing vessel. A goodly supply of food and water was placed on board the boat for the dog.

But as the boat was being towed toward the nearest port, it suddenly sank. As this note of mystery was added to the misfortunes of the vessel, the dog was seen pawing vigorously in an effort to remain above the angry waters. The captain of the Wrangell noted the dog, tossing bravely against the rough seas and ordered a rescue of the stout-hearted animal.

The captain knew he was going against quarantine regulations in rescuing the helpless dog, but he felt that his action was justified. He could not bear to see life snatched out, even in an animal.

Later, the dog was taken to a veterinarian in Naples and inoculated against rabies and infection. Aboard the Wrangell the men took to him wholeheartedly. In a unanimous vote he was named Sam and adopted as a full-fledged mascot of the proud ship. Today, Sam is at home among hundreds of friends. All because of the skipper's kind-hearted action.

Winging Ways

By Wallace M. Depew

A CATBIRD insisted on being my friend. In the spring, sleek and glistening in his dark gray coat and black cap, he was challenging, full of hope. In post sunset concerts he produced a volume of music which would have made any competing songster sound as if he needed a new battery.

But it was not until the small vegetable garden was planted that I took special notice of the bird with a long tail and a longer scientific name of *Dumetella Carolinensis*. There he was, first on one tomato stake, then another. Sometimes he would be on the rose trellis or in the shrubbery and toward the last when there were scarlet pearls on the mountain ash, he would be near the elderberry bushes.

Maybe this confidence resulted from what I had done during six weeks of hot, dry weather when I saw to it that there was fresh water daily in the bird bath and a supply of raisins and wild birdseed in two feeding stations.

There were many feathered friends

who enjoyed my efforts to satisfy their thirst and hunger, especially two robins who searched in vain for worms driven far below the surface by the dry spell. But it was the catbird that made the fuss, and I am convinced that he was really trying to show his thanks because he never failed to put on a show, sometimes at night, a rich, varied, beautiful song that was a credit to the mockingbird to whom he is closely related; other times a nasal, caustic meow from which his name comes. Then there were occasions when he had me entirely off guard with a squawk like a setting hen. But his efforts to make me believe he was a petulant bullfrog made me laugh.

You won't believe this, but I'll swear he returned the laugh when I failed to find the first ripe tomato. But there was a day when I came up with a big red one, a Waltham Scarlet. And that curious, prying, gossipy catbird flew in and out of the shrubbery, over and around me, in what may have been an outburst of happiness.

I make no pretense of knowing if this bird of unpredictable moods was acting in the manner for which I gave him credit, but I do know we enjoyed each other.

Then there came the time to take in the pumpkins that had looked so much like golden lanterns in the moonlight as the vines had climbed up a tree trunk and across a trellis. A few days later my friend was gone and in good time, too, because it was not long before snow fell, two inches in the city and more in the mountains.

As the snow hit the windowpanes, like little daggers of silver, I hoped that the catbird was safely on his way to winter quarters—in the southern states, West Indies, Mexico or Panama. I also wondered if there weren't a lesson for men of good will in this experience, something like trusting each other, or maybe accepting people as you find them, remembering that good will always triumphs over evil. Such things, in my judgment, can weave a rich tapestry of thought in the house of life, "a living and companionable spirit at work in all things."





Beavers were probably the world's first engineers with their excellent dams and lodges.

The behavior of animals is remarkable, be it by —

Instinct or Reason

By F. J. Worrall

EVERYWHERE the wisdom of life is manifest in the animal kingdom. We talk of the remarkable behavior of animals and call it instinct. But is not instinct a sort of immutable mind, fixed by natural law?

To a student of animal behavior, it is quite evident that while it may be impossible to reason as we do, we cannot deny that animals possess incredible intelligence, even to the lowest of animal forms.

Animals appear at first sight to act at all times as if they had taken thought for the morrow. They recognize instinctively many things *before* experience that we learn only *after* experience. They look before they leap. They recognize in numbers there is strength. They store for a rainy day and they seem to understand that, for everything, there is a time and place.

It would be utterly impossible to enumerate the various and specific instances of clever foresight and accomplishment that is shown in all walks of life in the animal world. The examples are beyond all counting.

Consider the bees, for instance. They have established a civilization beyond the dreams of men. They toil, build and store; they obey laws and punish those who break them; they live and move in a spirit of the highest patriotism.

Think of the spider and its web. Its marvelous ingenuity excites the wonder of men, building as if it had studied all the arts of engineering. It builds one road for itself, another for its victims; it prepares new runners in case of storms.

Long before Archimedes lived, one of the fundamental rules of engineering had been established by the little beaver. He built his dam ages before man built his first bridge. Here he also built his lodge and a storehouse for the winter.

Could anything be more wonderful than the preciseness of the knowledge of ants who capture the green aphids that destroy our roses, then imprison them in a tree where they can do no harm? At the same time they milk them, protect their eggs, to insure a continued supply and, when the newborn arrive, they carry them to the plants on which aphids live.

Cats, the most highly sensitive and psychic of all creatures, taken a hundred miles in a box, find their way back to the old home.

A man who is lost works his way home by the stars, and we call it mind at work. Many a horse, however, has taken a lost man home after dark; a horse has even been known to take his dead driver home through the crowded streets of a big city.

This exceptional sense of direction has been shown countless times by homing pigeons. One was known to fly from Rome back to its loft in an English town. It flew a thousand miles, crossed a range of mountains and 20 miles of sea within the period of a month.

Many a faithful dog has dug his master out of danger through quick-witted thinking and at the peril of his own life.

In the lowest life we find some sort of mind which responds definitely to such external stimuli as light, heat, and touch.

Most of us know wise animals that act with an intelligence we do not find in human beings.

Gentleman of Erin

By Caroline Hartley



IRISH setters are all graceful, but our Rory is, also, the most charming, the most dignified of gentlemen. The word "gentleman" particularly suits him.

Christmas day brought an infinitesimal Scottish terrier. Somehow or other, we usually called her Dingbat, although her real name is Mary.

They play outdoors with great zest, rushing around, digging holes, Rory trying to squeeze himself down to Mary's size—a steam shovel trying to be a trowel.

Rory is accustomed to coming indoors after dinner to enjoy the fire, in a dignified, statuesque sort of way, but Mary would have none of that. She'd stand on her hind feet and lean her stomach on his face so that with an effort she could reach and bite either one of his ears.

Whatever she'd bite, he'd move it gently, trying to sleep through it all. Finally, when she would get too rough, he'd stand up, shake her off and walk over to put his head in my lap, desperation in his expressive eyes.

We thought he would soon put Mary in her place, but he is too soft-hearted.

When Rory was about a year old, two of our hens, as is their way, decided it was time to raise a family. So we set them on eggs, and in the usual course of events, the little chicks appeared.

Not quite sure that he would not harm them, we watched the big dog carefully, not allowing him close to them. At first, the mother hens flew at him and would not let him near the little ones, so we eventually relaxed our vigilance.

One cold, gray day we were all indoors and forgot all about them. The mother hens were busy finding worms and bugs and wouldn't sit down and cover the chicks, and they were miserably cold.

When we went outside to see if all was well, there, in the least windy corner of the house, lay the big red dog. He had the most blissful expression on his face! And, tucked under his silky coat, under his neck and stomach, were *all* the baby chicks. Little dandelions with eyes peeking out here and there with an air of immense daring. He had been wanting to mother them all the time.

Rory has a trick. When his master asks him for his hat, or says, "Well, let's go," Rory is instantly alert. All feathers quivering, the big tail waving and thumping against the furniture, off he goes through the house at a slow trot, straight for "the boss's" hat.

If I say, "Let's go," he prances into my room and brings my gloves; first one and then, with nearly unbearable glee, the other one.

It is difficult to describe his unusually lovely color. It is not quite copper, not quite flame, not quite gold, but a splendid flash and glitter of all three.

Rory is not afraid of thunder, he is not afraid of anything, but he *dislikes* it thoroughly.

Rory has perfect manners, and as a rule, he would never get up on any piece of furniture. But one night, I went to bed early and slept soundly for some time, wakening half-way to hear a thunder storm crashing and rumbling toward us.

Nearly asleep again, I felt a great paw on my bed, then a second, quietly, quietly. I lay perfectly still. After a few moments, a third leg came up and finally the fourth. He was all the way up, as quietly as a cat.

I pretended to be asleep and waited to see what he would do. He lay as still as a rock all during the storm. I knew he would be embarrassed if he knew I was aware of his breach of manners. I have never known an animal so anxious to please, so full of blarney.

(Wonderful blarney, radiant charm. It is perfectly sincere; he is simply convinced that "God's in His Heaven; all's right with the world.")

The sound of thunder grew fainter and fainter, died quite away. And suddenly, I realized the dog was lying on his favorite rug in the hall. I hadn't heard or felt him leave. I turned on the light and looked at him.

The Barrymores never gave a better performance. He had both eyes closed tight. After a second, he opened one eye, stretched out his long legs behind him, and yawned a great yawn. Both eyes open now, he looked at me with the most ludicrous innocence—the little boy beside the shrunken cake, with crumbs on his chin, chocolate in the corners of his mouth, and the innocence of angels in his eyes.

Mary has an old leather glove, her particular property. Occasionally, Rory will play with it, holding it nearly out of her reach. He whirls and waves his plumy tail. Not too fast for Mary, though; he is careful to hold the glove low enough so she can reach it. He does not tease her, he plays with her. There isn't a mean bone in his great body.

After this, he stretches his shiny self luxuriously on the green lawn. And, little black ears folded softly back, the weary Dingbat slowly lies down under his chin. Their sleep is deep. Their love is measureless.

MY two black cats, Dinah and Sambo, have proved to me that cats are like people in many ways. For example, circumstances of birth and early environment play an important part in forming the character of a human being. This seems equally true of cats.

Sambo, Dinah's son, is a plump, saucy, arrogant kitten. He feels that he owns our house, and why shouldn't he? He has been loved and pampered by his human family since the day he was born.

Dinah was a waif. Her mother, a homeless stray, disappeared when Dinah was still quite small, and the unlucky kitten was left to survive as best she could. When I first saw her in the alley behind my house, Dinah was as wild as any jungle animal.

Taming her was a project which required months of infinite patience. At first she would eat the food I set out, but, at sight of me, she would vanish like a leaf in the wind.

After several weeks, Dinah reached the point of creeping cautiously through the open kitchen door. If nobody noticed her, she would crouch on the mat for a minute. It was some time, however, before I could close the door between Dinah and freedom. The first few times I tried it, she flew into a panic, dashing herself frantically against closed windows and clawing holes in curtains.

Finally, I could tell my husband triumphantly, "I touched her today!" After that, slowly and patiently still, I began to make progress, until at long last, I could pick Dinah up and hold her for a breathless moment.

When her first kittens were born, she turned to us, perhaps in sheer desperation, and allowed the blessed event to take place in our cellar. From that day on (chiefly, I believe, for her children's sake) she consented to make her home with us. She even lets my husband and me pet her when she is in the mood, although, so far as I know, no other human being has ever been able to lay a hand on her.

Our favorite of Dinah's kittens is Sambo who is such a happy, friendly extrovert that it hardly seems possible that poor, fear-ridden Dinah is his mother.

When Snoopy, my neighbor's cat, comes and sticks his nose into the feeding dish, Sambo makes room for him, but Dinah spits and slaps him away. Sambo is sure that if Snoopy eats his food, I will put more into the dish. Dinah cannot forget a time when she had to fight for her food, and she is afraid.

Sambo is a true American, cradled in security, sure of his place in the sun, with no heritage of fear. Dinah is like some of the less fortunate peoples of this earth. Born to hunger, cold and want, never quite trusting the friendly hand outstretched to help them, they walk always with backward glances lest danger lurk behind them.

Dinah and Sambo have helped me to a better understanding of our neighbors in other countries. Some of them are our friends because they are strong and secure. Others are unfriendly and distrustful because, like Dinah, they have known great hardship and they are afraid.

So, as in Dinah's case, it will take infinite patience, infinite kindness and a real love of people and an understanding and solicitude for the problems of one's neighbors, be they right next door or on the other side of the world, to obliterate that distrust. Again, as in the case of Dinah, we shall have to make haste slowly, extend a helping hand and wait patiently for it to be taken, before attempting to go further in the task of rehabilitation.

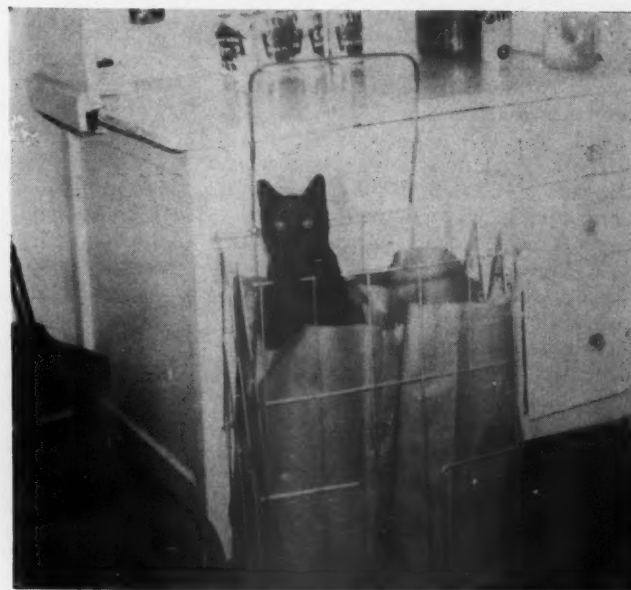


"Did somebody call me?"

Cats Are Like People

By Mary E. Langan

"What, didn't you bring any fish from the market?"





Pat, an 18-year-old white shepherd, might be called a dog with two lives. Saved from destruction when a small puppy by a former Marietta, Ohio, newspaperman, the dog is being cared for in her old age by Charles Schneider.

Pat Met Larry

By Jack Cowie

AN 18-year-old, white shepherd dog, whose muscles have stiffened with age, is a daily reminder in Marietta, Ohio, that newspapermen are not a hardened lot.

And Pat, as she is called, is a further reminder that "a dog is a man's best friend."

The story started 18 years ago when Pat was a five-month-old puppy and Larry Smith, who was with the Cleveland Associated Press Bureau until his death five years ago, was a local reporter.

Smith was covering his daily police beat when a call came into headquarters for a patrolman to be sent to a park along the Muskingum River to "put a dog out of his misery."

It was there that Pat met Larry!

The puppy had crawled ashore after being struck by the propellor of an outboard motor. Her right leg was nearly severed at the hip joint. The theory was that she had been catapulted into the river while riding in a boat.

Larry begged possession of the dog and took her to a veterinarian who treated and sewed up the disabled limb. A long series of therapy resulted in Pat getting along with only a slight limp.

Smith later moved to Cleveland and left the dog with an uncle, Charles Schneider, who had become attached to the animal and who today cares for the aged Pat who has become his constant companion.

Age has caused the muscles in Pat's injured leg to stiffen and Schneider has to carry her up and down the steps as he brings her out for an airing several times daily.

She is almost blind, but is well cared for and appears to be enjoying life—a life given to her 18 years ago.

In return, of course, Pat has given a lifetime of devotion and pleasure to her first master, Larry Smith, and later to Charles Schneider, whose continued care has paid off in dividends of comradeship.

Ticklish Bathing

By Lena Gamble Bixler

How would you like to bathe in ants instead of water? Strange as it may seem, some wild birds who are particular about their feathers, preening and cleaning with beak and claw, put live ants on their bodies to assure perfect grooming.

The birds pick up live ants from the ground, then place them beneath the wings and softer parts of their plumage. The ants go about their work by removing dirt, destroying lice and other vermin and also give the bird a massage and skin stimulant. The birds enjoy the formic acid given off by the ants for it acts as an antiseptic for the cleaning job.

Not Cricket—Eh Wat?

London—Do dogs go to Heaven? A British judge says he thinks they do, but if they don't he won't want to stay there.

Judge Tudor Rees gave the opinion in hearing a claim for damage against Mrs. Lucy Prosser, former tenant of a house in suburban Banstead. Mrs. Prosser said she bred dogs, but after complaints from neighbors she agreed not to let them in her house.

"But that is like shutting out a member of the family," said Judge Rees. "What is the use of having such a faithful friend if you cannot have him in the house? If unswerving fidelity and un-failing affection are passports to Paradise, all dogs will have honorable place there," he added. "And if I do not find dogs in Paradise, it will not be Paradise for me and I shall probably apply for a transfer."

The judge found Mrs. Prosser responsible for the damage to the house, but added, "I do not blame the dogs."

Mail Carrier

In Stanton, Kentucky, a white dog named Sprig carries the mail between his mistress, Mrs. Emma Dawson and her sister, Miss Amanda DeHart. Mrs. Dawson lives alone in a mountain cabin; her sister lives a quarter mile distant over a mountain ridge. Sprig has been trained to carry notes between the two homes, spending the day at one home and then setting out at sunset to carry the day's interchange of notes.

—Erma Reynolds

Tabby Goes to Sea

By Jasper B. Sinclair

CATS have been going to sea ever since men began sailing to far away places. They have added considerably to our nautical language and provided old salts with a variety of seagoing superstitions.

Besides contributions of the sort, authorities on marine insurance have long recognized the importance of the cat in all maritime nations. For one thing, insurance of this kind does not cover damage done to cargoes by rats.

However, if the owner of the damaged goods can prove that the ship sailed without a cat aboard, he can recover damages from the ship's owner. It is one of the unwritten laws of the sea that no ship should sail without a feline crew aboard. A ship's cat is almost as important as a ship's carpenter, first mate or radio operator in the eyes of old sea lawyers.

So strong was this belief in early sailing ship days that there were many cases of crew flatly refusing to put to sea until Tabby had come aboard. A ship without a cat, they insisted, was certain to meet with some kind of trouble before the voyage ended.

There was a time, however, when some superstitious sailors took the opposite view. In times of storm they quite often blamed Tabby, the ship's cat, for the spell of stormy weather that buffeted their vessel. And, if they happened to be becalmed for any length of time, they also held the cat responsible for the lack of wind to fill their sails.

The salty language of the sea contains many references to cats. A cat's paw, as any sailor will tell you, is merely a light breeze that barely ruffles the surface of the water. The catwalk aboard ship is a place for sailors to walk, and not a promenade deck for cats.

A cat-rope was part of the rigging in sailing ship days. And the cat-o-nine-tails was a dreaded weapon of punishment that was too often used by irate ship's captains and first mates on unruly crew members. It has gone the way of many outmoded forms of punishment.

Sailing a catboat is still a favorite diversion for amateur and professional sailors alike.

Team Play for "Lady"

By George C. Mattis

LADY, like a gentle and wearied grandmother, is now retired to the comforts of an easy chair and her whines are becoming less disquieting as her master, Warden Cliff Freeman, leaves his home daily for outdoor duty with Wisconsin's Conservation Department.

For nearly ten years, Lady, his Labrador retriever, shared the front seat of her master's car and was an unofficial partner in his many escapades with game law transgressors. And, like a true lady, she has maintained her canine dignity under circumstances which often irked the game law enforcement officer.

A conservation warden must have concrete evidence of game law violations before he can bring a culprit to justice. And Lady, a natural retriever, had a keen nose for locating that necessary evidence.

When Warden Freeman confronted a trapper whom he strongly suspected of taking illegal beavers, he could only question his arrogant suspect in the usual polite and routine manner. However, when his ever-present partner in law, leisurely snooping about some jack pine tops near by, dragged a beaver carcass from under cover, the trapper was abashed, admitted guilt and was subsequently brought to justice.

On countless occasions when suspect and warden were busy in conversation, Lady, unnoticed, quietly sniffed and probed the area. While game law violators remained smug for lack of convicting evidence, she often bared the illegal booty—be it venison, fish, pheasants, ducks, or other game.

Lady has accompanied her master on many wild chases in pursuit of the venison poacher. Deer shiners, who illegally hunt the roadsides at night in cars with the use of powerful and blinding spot lights, are most difficult to convict, for these transgressors often throw away their illicit spot lights and rifles in flight.

Taken without convicting evidence, these game law violators could not be prosecuted. But there were occasions when Lady probed the roadsides and came up with an accusing rifle or spot light, and justice ensued.

The warden's helper has kept her poise and dignity throughout her active career. Today the aging Lady is quite content to spend her last days in less strenuous living. And to complete her final years of usefulness, she doesn't mind playing old grandmother for the Freeman children.



Warden Freeman and Lady make a natural team for game law enforcement.

ANIMALS IN

Public Generosity
several thousand residents of Mar-
Vineyard and Nantucket have
ived by now the first appeal to
ade for the humane
ed on by the Martha
h of the Massachusetts
which has taken
the Animal
In addition to providing an
ly trained veterinarian for the
er months, who will become
round asset of the Vineyard
response is sufficient
has also created

second prize of \$15 to Louis A.
Puggard, Detroit, Mich., showing
a cat with its paw in a dog's
mouth, called "Say Ah".
third prize

Small Fry".
statistics for the months of June
through August show that
exactly 300 animals were
handled, including an injured
bird. Of the 116 dogs, 43
placed in homes and five
were sheltered until placed
their owners. The com-
received

to a family. The
of the Massachusetts Society for
the Prevention of Cruelty to Ani-
mals, Boston, yesterday issued a
warning to animal-own-
parents, saying that not to allow
the family to see their chil-
dren

Eric H. Hansen, President
of the Massachusetts Society for
the Prevention of Cruelty to Ani-
mals, Boston, yesterday issued a
warning to animal-own-
parents, saying that not to allow
the family to see their chil-
dren

to present them.
Albert A. Pol-
Education. Angel
pital. M.S.P.C.A.
motion picture.

Farmer who
Mrs. Frederick A.
Dwight Bisbee, Mrs.
bee, Mrs. Albert
George E. Breeze,
Bright



BOTTLE-FED BABY

Little Melissa thinks this is more fun than anything, feeding the family lamb from a bottle. In turn, the little lamb thinks the girl's name must be Mary, as he follows her everywhere she goes — everywhere, that is, around the neighborhood. He doesn't get to follow her to school as she's too young and anyway in this day and age, she'd probably go by bus.

—Photo by Dante O. Tranquille

GUARDIAN OF THE FLOCK

Smokey, a beautiful collie dog owned by a Michigan family, was guardian of twelve hundred turkeys and he did his work so well that he saved his owners many a step in rounding up the birds. He was gentle with his charges and he had a real respect for the big Tom turkeys. He kept far enough away from them to avoid their punishing wings.

—Photo by Fern Berry



...toys and jolly Santa Claus
...present them.
...bert A. Pollard, director of
...ation. Angel Memorial Hos-
...MSPCA presented the
...n picture. One of the Head
...to animals.
...under the di-
...community service
...Mrs. Gordon E.
...the day was Mrs. John
...mer who was assisted by
...Frederick A. Beach. Mrs. H.
...Bisbee, Mrs. Malcolm Bis-
...rs. Albert Bradbury, Mrs.
...E. Breeze, Mrs.
...that these unfortunate creatures
...left behind to forage for them-
...selves, will ultimately starve or be-
...come diseased as a result of such
...unkind and inconsiderate treat-
...ment. We therefore
...different from adult
...punishment the
...other circum-
...es make life
...It is true that children do not in-
...entionally hurt animals. It also is
...true that the average dog or kitten
...seems to realize that children
...The Christmas pet-giving advice
...comes from Dr. Eric H. Hansen,
...president of the Massachusetts So-
...ciety for the Prevention
...attention," stated Dr. Hansen.
..."According to the head of the
...department of pathology of our
...Angell Memorial Animal Hos-
...pital, this com-
...among
...the Horses' Christmas, accordin-
...to an announcement made by Dr.
...Eric H. Hansen, president. Even
...with the marked increase in the
...automobiles today, it
...there are still
...Greater Boston
...has arranged to
...have trucks, loaded with oats,
...carrots, and apples, move around
...the city Friday, Dec. 24, where
...horses are to be found in greatest
...number. Coffee and

THE NEWS



SMOKEY LIKES TV

"Here is Smokey," writes his owner, Mrs. George P. Fox, of Westminster, Md., "in one of my favorite poses. He will sit on top of the television or on a chair and just watch the picture by the hour. One of his favorite pastimes is leaning over the front and trying to catch the entertainers with his paw. The movement seems to fascinate him and he can't quite understand why he can't hold them still."

—Photo by Ruth E. Fox

TV HAS CHARMS

When it comes time for Hopalong Cassidy or some other favorite program, Becky and Johnny sit or kneel in front of the set to watch the show. More engrossed than either of them, however, is Cindy, their dog, who wriggles in between them and is soon as absorbed as they in the drama. Sometimes Cindy is the first one there and he is always the last to leave when the program is over.

—Photo by Mrs. Ralph Sederquist





Trying to pin down the pin ball.

Pin Ball Pussy

By R. J. Denne

CCOOKIE was adopted by us nearly three years ago. Perhaps, it would be better to say that Cookie adopted us for, once arriving on the premises, she lost no time in letting us know who was to be the boss. But, she has afforded us many hours of pleasure in return for usurping the throne.

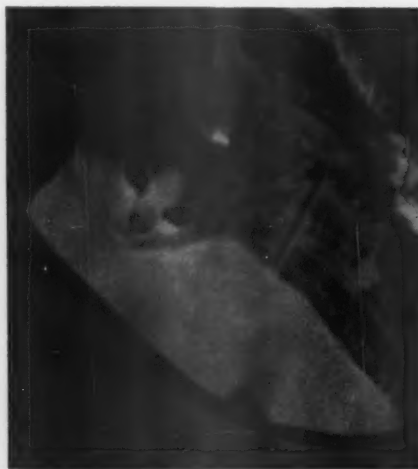
We have a large, old fashioned (non-electric) pin-ball game in our basement and it is one of Cookie's chief sources of amusement. No one can play more than a game or two on this machine before Cookie has jumped upon it and is eagerly joining in the fun. No matter how often she may have done it, she still seems to feel that some time, sooner or later, she will be able to catch up with and get her paws on that evasive, shiny, steel ball.

Naturally, the machine has a glass top which very effectively keeps out both dust and kitty's paws. Yet, as soon as the ball goes spiralling around the track, Cookie is there trying to catch and pounce upon it. If the machine had one of the modern devices which shut off the works when the machine is "tilted," we would never be able to play, for the way Cookie goes galloping about on the glass top would almost "tilt" the whole house.

Since her paws are not equipped with skid chains, she has more than once gone flying off the top of the machine, but before the next ball is played she is back and ready to resume the game.

We often wonder whether we keep this machine to amuse ourselves, or just for Cookie's pleasure.

When I am catching up on paper-work, my waste basket becomes her place of refuge. If it is empty, she will not go near it. She will, however, curl up in it and let us shower scraps of paper down on her. When enough papers have accumulated, she simply scratches and paws at them until they are all beneath her. Then she will settle down again to await the next heap. Sometimes, when she is in a mood to doze rather than play, she will let herself be completely covered up with scraps before she will mew and begin to dig out from under the pile.



Cookie amid the scraps.

Hear Ye! Hear Ye!

IN 1545, at the courthouse in Savoy, England, one of the world's most curious trials was going on. It was that of The People versus Grasshoppers. This was no mock trial—it was a very serious affair, brought about because of a terrible plague of grasshoppers which the farmers of that section could not subdue. Every phase of regular court procedure was present. The King's attorney was present to try the case and the grasshoppers had their counsel. The witnesses were sworn in with due solemnity and pledged themselves to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help them.

One by one the farmers took the stand, to testify that crops were being ruined, by the insects. Each witness was severely cross-examined by the counsel for the defense and the efforts to trip the witnesses and confuse them were as energetic as they would be in a murder trial. The witnesses for the defense were put on the stand—men who were nature lovers or scientists. These declared that grasshoppers had as much right to live as did the farmers or other human beings and they swore that, if the farmers had driven them to the pastures where no crops were raised, the insects could have enjoyed a happy existence.

The records of this extraordinary trial show that the prosecution vainly endeavored to effect a comparison whereby the grasshoppers should move from cultivated lands to fields and pastures not used for raising crops; but the attorneys for the defense protested and refused to compromise. They said that the farmers had that chance when the grasshoppers first arrived but failed to act. Now the insects should be allowed to stay in the fields. Furthermore, argued the defense counsel, Nature gave the grasshoppers their appetites and man had no right to say what any insect should eat; also that the pastures and scrub land did not offer proper sustenance.

Arguments were long and heated. The judge gravely weighed the evidence and decided that the grasshoppers were guilty of trespassing. He then ordered the counsel for the defense to have his clients move away from all cultivated fields within forty-eight hours. If they did not obey this edict, then the court would order men to execute all of the insects found in cultivated lands after that time.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

For Loan—Kittens!

By Leslie Savage Clark

ONE of the not-so-happy aspects of a summer resort in September is the number of deserted cats and kittens prowling about after their small owners have departed for the city. Half-starved, the cats roam the woods and fields trying to catch enough mice to keep themselves alive. The Wilsons, kind-hearted farmers living near a resort, were troubled by the plight of these little animals. They adopted as many of the strays as they could keep, but by spring their barns were bursting with kittens of all sizes and colors.

One evening, Mrs. Wilson worked out what seemed to her a solution for this problem. "Let's try to loan our kittens to the summer children," she said, "Then they won't keep on bringing new ones to abandon and we can take them back again in the fall." Her husband was amused at the suggestion, but was willing to try it. Many of the same cottagers came year after year so that it was not difficult to get their names and addresses. To each of these in the spring they sent a postcard saying:

FOR LOAN—KITTENS

"Would you like to have a kitten as a pet for your child during your vacation? If you can satisfy us that it will be treated kindly and provided with good food and water, you may take one of ours and return it to us when you leave. You may either reserve one now by mail, stating size and color you prefer, or you may pick it out when you arrive if there is still any assortment left."

In a short time almost their entire supply had been reserved by mail. When the season opened a brief notice pinned up in the local post office soon found homes for the remaining few. The experiment proved to be a great success. Parents were relieved not to have to transport a pussy cat with their summer luggage and the children were delighted with their pets.

And who can say that the kittens, safe in the Wilson barns in September, were not equally relieved and delighted!

Have you ordered your supply of our Calendar of Animals for 1956? Don't be disappointed—order right now. See advertisement on our back cover.

Is It Too Late?

By W. J. Banks

AN increasing number of countries have issued postage stamps as a means of publicizing their wild life and the need for its conservation. Two recent Canadian stamps, designed to mark the occasion of that country's annual National Wildlife Week, are of unusual interest to the naturalist, because they represent species threatened with extinction and to the philatelist, because neither has been shown on any postage stamps before. The four-cent purple stamp depicts the head of a musk-ox, while the blue five-cent variety portrays a pair of whooping cranes flying over typical northern terrain.

The musk-ox, who, as the scientific name *ovibos* implies is a kind of link between the cattle and sheep tribes, once roamed the barren lands west of Hudson Bay in numbers almost comparable to those of the plains buffalo. About 1800, it is estimated, a million musk-oxen may have lived on the mainland of this continent. Then came the era of indiscriminate slaughter. And the day arrived when it was believed that not a single musk-ox remained on the mainland. Small herds survived in the Canadian Arctic islands and Greenland.

Then, happily, in the early 1930's, a few small herds were located far north-east of Great Slave Lake. The Canadian government established the 15,000-square mile Thelon Game Sanctuary and under rigid protection the mainland musk-oxen began to increase. It is now believed that the species is reasonably secure from extinction and experiments are being made to domesticate the ani-

mals for the purpose of supplying meat, wool, hides, and milk to the Eskimos and northern Indians.

Unhappily, the outlook for the whooping crane, *grus americana*, is far less bright. It is believed that there are no more than 20 of these magnificent birds alive today. In spite of thousands of observers eager to aid the American and Canadian governments in their joint efforts to protect the sorry remnant and encourage its increase, it would seem that a few birds fall victim each year to accident or deliberate killing. Some years ago an encouraging increase was noted, but of late the numbers observed in the wintering grounds near the Gulf of Mexico have fallen off again.

To date, however, with the mystery surrounding this bird nearer solution than at any time in the past quarter century, things look a little brighter. The news that two adult cranes had been observed just south of Great Slave Lake, in the Yukon territory of Canada, gave those who would save the whooper from extinction the first definite clue that may result in unraveling this great puzzle of nature.

On the dark side of the ledger, this past winter saw no young accompanying the adult birds when they came back from the northern nesting grounds. Some time ago it would have been said that any wild species reduced to so few individuals was surely doomed. But the efforts of conservationists have produced such wonders in our own generation that some now feel there is hope, albeit slim, for our great white crane.



Four Ways to Slaughter Reform

A positive solution to "The Great Cruelty," based on an intensive study of slaughterhouse conditions in the United States and abroad.

By John C. Macfarlane, Director, Livestock Conservation

AT the very beginning of my report, I am going to quote some words that appeared in *The Veterinary Record* of Great Britain immediately after a productivity team visited the United States from the British meat packaging and processing trade. I believe that these words, indicating an opinion, speak for themselves. "... and it is amazing to note that 20 years after its introduction into common use in Britain, the electric stunner is not used in the U. S. packing houses to this day! (In some plants about 8,000 pigs are killed daily. Each animal is hoisted by means of a chain shackled to the hind leg. As the 'wheel' takes the pig's weight off the floor and one pig follows another in rapid succession, there is one long shriek lasting until the last of the 8,000 animals has bled to death. Humane slaughtering methods seem to be comparatively unknown in the U.S.A. At least, that is the impression one gets.)"

The veterinarian who made this statement would not find it very difficult to locate thousands of other folks who would agree with him. I have been visiting slaughterhouses in all parts of the United States for many years and I will *never* understand *why* our food animals are treated as cruelly as they are. Many times the sound of the frightened animals squealing and bellowing has stayed in my memory for days, and the weak twitching of their muscles as the blood drained out upon the floor would often make me feel that I had chosen a pretty brutal business to be concerned with.

For over a quarter of a century, I have vowed that one day we Americans would change our attitudes toward livestock and not only *talk* kindness to them, but *practice* it as well. The following paragraphs may help you to understand that as a result of my European trip I *know* that there are more humane methods available.

Meat slaughterhouses in the United States have constantly objected to the electric stunning of livestock on the grounds that such an electric current causes splashing—blood spots—and the meat inspectors may not be able to distinguish the lesions caused by the stunner from those due to disease. Again I quote a paragraph written by some very eminent veterinary surgeons in Great Britain. "This naive excuse refers in particular to the lungs and their associated lymph



Either electro-shock equipment for use on small animals.

nodes, and it implies that veterinary surgeons either make their diagnosis on one lesion alone, or else that they are very ignorant of animal pathology!"

Electric stunning of slaughter animals began in England about 20 years ago, and at that time the meat processing plants in Great Britain advanced identically the same arguments *against* it as have been advanced by slaughterhouses in the United States. I think we should all know that blood splashing is the name given to the blood extravasations found in the musculature and certain organs of the slaughtered animal where that animal has been mechanically stunned. This rupture of the smaller blood vessels in the tissues, with the liberation of blood, causing blood spots has been regarded here as a type of lesion which accompanies mechanical stunning only, either by electricity, captive bolt or carbon dioxide gas and has been inseparable from such methods of humane slaughtering.

Another highly regarded member of the veterinary profession of Great Britain, Dr. D. J. Anthony, had the following to say: "The importance of 'splashing' can be over-emphasized in humane slaughtering controversy, as it does not necessarily follow

that a stunned animal is a 'splashed' one. 'Splashing' can be produced in varying degrees by increasing the time lag between the acts of stunning and bleeding. 'Splashing' in pigs killed by bleeding after stunning by electricity is either absent, or confined to slight lung lesions. 'Splashing' is of paramount importance to the dry cured bacon and ham trade, and this is the trade which first used electric stunning, and continues to do so."

My study of killing methods in European slaughterhouses served to confirm my personal opinion that while we in the United States bow to no one in the field of technological know-how, we are certainly *far behind the times* when it comes to the humane slaughter of our food animals.

To further clarify what I have to say later, it should be understood that the word "slaughter" implies putting an animal to death and then preparing the carcass and organs for human food consumption.

In most of the European countries visited, all livestock are rested for several hours before they are stunned and bled. In the case of pigs they are given food and water during this resting period, because, they have found in Europe, that if pigs are



Tongs in place on cow to be stunned.

starved for 24 hours prior to slaughter (this is a very common practice in the United States), their muscles become poor in glycogen and the keeping quality of the pork is affected.

The humane treatment of animals brought to slaughterhouses in Europe is of paramount importance to all personnel. Their desire to stun and kill as humanely as is possible was evident everywhere I went.

While I was very pleased with the quiet handling of animals all through Europe, I must pay special tribute to Dr. M. J. J. Houthuis, the director of the public slaughterhouse at Rotterdam, Holland. In a recent letter addressed to me by Dr. Houthuis, I think he sums up very nicely the very thing which is disturbing to many Americans at this very moment. "Furthermore I want to point out that, taking into consideration the moral and sublime duty that is laid upon the shoulders of mankind, objectives of material gain may never prevail to suppress that finest that ever lives in man, the feelings toward anything alive."

Dr. Houthuis has spent 23 years of his life in study and research with electric stunning. He has, in my opinion, developed a stunning method that can quite easily be introduced into the United States. He has been kind enough to work with our Society to the end that we might also have in our possession the complete electric unit by which these electric stunning shocks can be made possible. We, of course, hope that the special committee now existing under the leadership of the American Meat Institute will work with this electric unit developed by Dr. Houthuis so that they may see for themselves the very results I observed in Holland.

Dr. H. E. Bywater, one of Great Britain's best known veterinarians, believes that blood

splashing will only occur if the technique or instrument is faulty. He says further that if he wanted to deliberately produce blood splashing, he could do so. This opinion was shared unanimously by Dr. Houthuis in Holland as well as by eminent veterinarians in the other countries visited.

It was certainly much more pleasant for me to walk in on the killing floors of many slaughterhouses in Europe and hear no bellowing of cattle or squealing of hogs and to observe the entire killing process done with a maximum speed and efficiency. I must agree with American slaughterhouse people when they contend that European animals are more gentle, more docile, and that the speed with which animals are slaughtered is not nearly so fast as it is in our country. With the possible exception of our straight beef breeds, the animals I observed being slaughtered were quite the same as the animals found in America. So far as the speed of kill is concerned, I observed 240

to 300 hogs being killed every 60 minutes in Kolding, Denmark, and between 20 and 50 cattle slaughtered per hour. These speeds compare very favorably with our own killing programs in the United States.

While I found all of the electric stunning to be well carried out throughout Europe, the very best method was in Rotterdam. In Denmark, where animals have been stunned by electricity for many, many years and where the keeping quality of hams and bacons is of paramount importance due to Denmark's tremendous export trade, the fact that occasional lung lesions are found is of little or no importance.

I personally stunned many animals while in Europe and I also studied the duration and effect of the electroplectic fit. In less than nine minutes all species were revived and showed no evidence whatsoever of having been caused any discomfort.

It was very interesting for me to observe while in Stockholm, Sweden, cattle being stunned with electricity and then slaughtered in the usual Kosher manner. It was also of great interest to me to observe that in many parts of Europe, livestock are driven from truck to holding pen or from holding pen to slaughtering floor with the same kind of a tool we have been advocating for a long time—namely the *canvas slapper*. During my entire study which involved not only visits to slaughterhouses but visits to farms in all countries as well, I did not see one individual driving his animals with anything larger than a very small switch. There were no canes, no pitchforks, no pieces of pipe, or 2 by 4's observed. I couldn't help but think as I traveled from farm to farm that here indeed I was looking at proof positive of a statement I have often made in the past—namely that *if you don't like animals, you shouldn't work with them.*

(Continued on page 18)



Unconscious hog about to be shackled and conveyed to sticker beyond the tile wall.



Reaction of animal to current the instant switch is pressed.

CHILDREN'S



Just a couple of happy kids

— Photo by Herman Seid

Sweet Dreams

By Judy Ream (11)

ONE day our dog had twelve puppies and they all slept close to our room. All through the night you would hear little barks and it would keep us awake. But then I guess these puppies were cuter than any dream!

A Biography

By Elaine Kenseth (12)

WE first saw "Freckles" around the school grounds at recess time. He seemed to single out my brother and me by following us home. The rest of the day he stayed with us, and at night he slept on our porch. The next day he was still around. We were convinced that he had adopted us. We seemed to meet his approval and he certainly went straight to our hearts, as has been the case these last six years.

As we got to know him, we found out that he was a perfect gentleman in the house. He didn't scratch the furniture or jump up on it. We also found that he loved children, had a

gentle disposition, and he was friendly towards everybody. But these things led him into difficulties. First, his love for children was so great that he went to the school and chased the school bus. Since he was so friendly to everybody, he chased everybody's car that he knew, which disturbed us as well as the drivers.

In 1951, our family went to Hillsboro, New Hampshire, for a vacation and took Freckles along with us. While we were there, he got lost. On the second day we found him about a mile down the road at a little country store. The children there had found him and seen the Massachusetts license tag on him. They had wondered who the owners were. When my Dad asked them if they had seen a brown-and-white dog with freckles on his face, they said they had, and the lost was found. That night there was happiness all through the house.

Every year was almost the same with Freckles, but this last year was different. Age was catching up to Freckles. One day, my father was going to a meeting and as he was backing out he felt his wheels swerve. He knew he had hit something so he stopped the car and got out. There was Freckles, lying on the road, his jaw broken. My father carried him to the side of the road and called Doctor Ruder. When Doctor Ruder came, he said he would have to take Freckles to the Animal Hospital and wire up his jaw.

Freckles stayed at the Animal Hospital about five days. When he came home he was a much improved dog, although there were changes in his manner. The first day he was home I stayed with him three or four hours in the night. After I thought he would be okay if I left him, I went to bed. About an hour later, I was awakened by something. There was Freckles, right beside my bed. As sick as he was, he must have loved me enough to come up and say thank you in his own way.

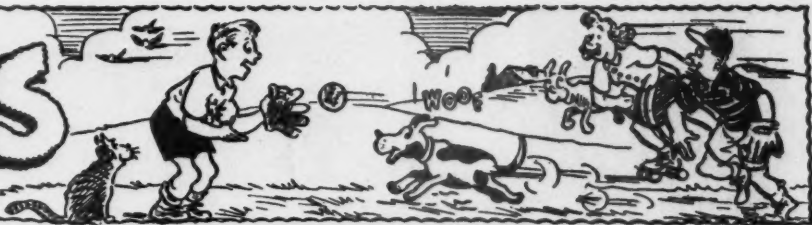
I say again, old age was catching up with Freckles. He had rheumatism and arthritis in his left forepaw and he was getting more and more content to stay at home.

I don't know who did it or how it happened, but on February 28, 1955, Freckles breathed his last. I was walking down the school sidewalk when I heard a shout from my brother. Then one of my friends came racing down the street with the sad news: "Elaine, your dog is dead."

I ran as fast as I could to the spot where he lay. The minute I saw him I knew his luck had run out. As I was beside him I wondered what I should do with him, when a man came by in a truck. Seeing the situation, he asked me where I lived and offered to bring Freckles home. When I got home I asked my mother if Freckles could be buried on our property. She consented and with the kindness of the man in the truck, the unpleasant task was done. As Freckles was being laid in the grave the wind ruffled his fur and it looked like the last pat of farewell.

As you can see, he seemed like any ordinary kind of dog, but to me he was more than that. His friendliness and love for everybody was one no other dog could match. At least that is the way he'll always stay in my memory.

PAGES



Bowled Over!

By Kathy Sweeney (12)

OUR family had just gotten back from a vacation. "Feather," my dog, was left at home and a neighbor took care of her. We had just gotten out of the car when Feather jumped up and licked us in the face. Then she ran around in circles and jumped on my sister and me and knocked both of us down on the lawn.

Stop and Think

By Shirley Silva (15)

MANY people indulge themselves in doing such things as they would never do, if they would only stop to think of just what they are doing.

I am sure that many of the boys who like outdoor sports, a majority of teen-agers, wouldn't find a thrill in shooting down birds and using them for targets if they realized that they really do more good than harm.

Birds help the farmers in many ways, they bring signs of spring, and they also do their share in beautifying the sky as well as the land.

There is a saying that goes, "Do unto others as you would have done unto yourself." I don't think there is a boy of any creed that would enjoy being shot down for a good laugh.

So stop and think before you do this harmful thing. Just picture yourself in the bird's place. I know if you do this, there will be less shooting of birds and you will then be doing your share in being kind to animals.

Bells in Our Ears

Boys and girls, it's time to be thinking about Christmas cards, especially if you want your name printed on them. See the back cover for all the details, and then show it to Mom and Dad. Better do it soon!

Some Reasons Why

By Clyde Pettit (9)

WE SHOULD be kind to animals because they are our friends. You all know if we are good to animals, they will be good to us. If we like dogs, we could have them guard our houses. If we like cats, they will drive away all the mice. Animals can help us in many ways.

My favorite animal is a big great Dane. He is a very large dog. People say that dogs are one of a boy's best friends. We should remember that if we are good to animals, they will love us.

"Specks" Gets Lots of Supervision

By Robert Peters (10)

"SPECKS" is my dog's name. My brother has the job of feeding her. Sometimes I feed her, too. Every day we give her some cool water, too. Sometimes when we go down the street, we take her with us. But we do not let her go by herself. We take her on her leash.

Sometimes when she is tied in the yard, I untie her. Then I let her run around the yard while my brother and I play ball.

ANSWERS TO AUGUST PUZZLE: Across—1. panda, 4. ha, 5. nail, 7. so, 8. poet, 9. lb, 11. we, 12. foe. Down—1. pan, 2. noise, 3. as, 6. lot, 8. pie, 9. lo, 10. be.



ACROSS

DOWN

2. animal pictured above.
- 3.
5. Hearing organ.
8. four - Roman num.
9. A fruit.
- 10.
13. my self.
14. Boys' name - abbu.

- 1.
- 4.
- 6.
7. Note in scale.
11. Morning.
- 12.
15. Nine - Roman num.

Answer to Puzzle Will Appear Next Month



Correct method of giving electro-shock. Notice how relaxed is hog on the right.

It is also interesting to observe that in spite of the fact that food animals killed in the countries visited are stunned by one method or another, all of those nations are still busily engaged in research and study which they hope will one day bring about an *even more humane* method than they now employ.

It may be quite true that 20 years ago the *ante mortem* and *post mortem* inspections of European livestock were not on a par with methods followed in our country, but it certainly is far from true today. In many instances I found the inspection laboratories within the slaughterhouses just as advanced and perhaps even more so than laboratories I have observed in the United States.

Some years ago an American medical doctor, Dr. James P. Simonds, made a very exhaustive study of the electric stunning of food animals. His final report indicated that he objected to the adaption of this method in our country on the grounds that there were blood hemorrhages found after electric stunning which were undesirable. However, Dr. Simonds later in his report said that "there is a moral responsibility that the animals used for such food be killed as humanely as possible." This would indicate that even 20 years ago the need for a humane method of stunning was recognized. It seems a crying shame to me that all this time has passed with so very few attempts made to create this "better do." I believe sincerely that today we have some very worthwhile developments that should be considered by our own meat packing industry. Certainly electric stunning as it has been developed particularly by Dr. Houthuis is one development that merits our close inspection, and then the carbon dioxide system developed by Mr. N. E. Wernberg in Copenhagen, Denmark, as a

result of that man's keen interest in the CO₂ method of immobilizing hogs adopted by the Hormel Packing Company in Minnesota, offers us *still another* approach to a solution of our problem. In addition to these two proven humane methods of stunning livestock, there are two additional ideas—either one of which or both may be applied to American slaughterhouse practices: (1) A repeater type "captive bolt pistol" with a clip of 10 cartridges and (2) a repeater "concussion gun" which will not break the frontal bone of an animal's head and subsequently damage the brain. With these *four* new ideas, at least new in our country, this Society believes that the American Meat Institute committee and the American packers in general *can* select a better and more humane method of killing than is now the case.

We can say what we want to the contrary, but it gives one a mighty good feeling to be able to visit a slaughterhouse and not be plagued by the horrible sounds coming

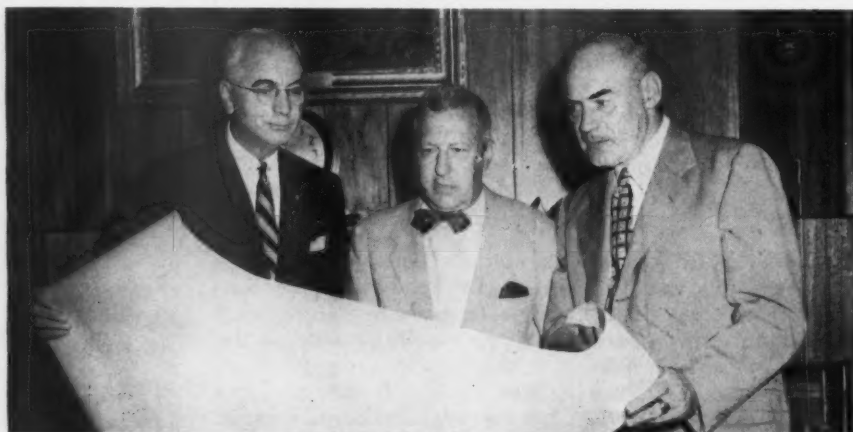
from the frightened animals waiting their turn for the butcher's knife.

In order to apply these four suggested methods to the American meat industry, it will, of course, take time and we will need money—lots of it—if we are to succeed. Before any new method is adopted, it will have to be put to the test over a considerable period of time, and that test will involve many things—a study by nutritionists, by scientists who can determine whatever effects are found in the meat as a result of the system under study, whether or not the keeping qualities of the meat are affected, whether or not the P. H. factor changes. There are many things that will need to be ironed out and corrected before any one of these new methods can be adopted. To further these studies, to keep the right kind of publicity constantly moving throughout our land will mean that our Society will have to spend large sums of money. This money can only come, and rightfully it should only come, from our members and from our friends who have agreed with us through the years that the slaughterhouse methods in this country are really an abomination.

Because it is impossible to give all the details of my study in this report, our Society is compiling a leaflet filled with technical data which will contain all of the information collected during my trip, and of course this leaflet will be sent to all of our members and friends throughout the entire world.

None of the information brought home would have been possible had it not been for the veterinarians and lay people with whom I was privileged to work in the seven countries visited. Lastly, our Society and I are forever indebted to the kindly lady whose personal funds made my study possible.

Editor's Note: The Repeater Captive Bolt Pistol has been used on more than one hundred animals successfully by Mr. Macfarlane in field tests in the Chicago area and it holds high promise for the future.



(Left to right) Dr. Eric H. Hansen, W. G. Davis, of Remington Arms Co., and John C. Macfarlane inspecting plans for a new repeater type gun for stunning food animals.

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